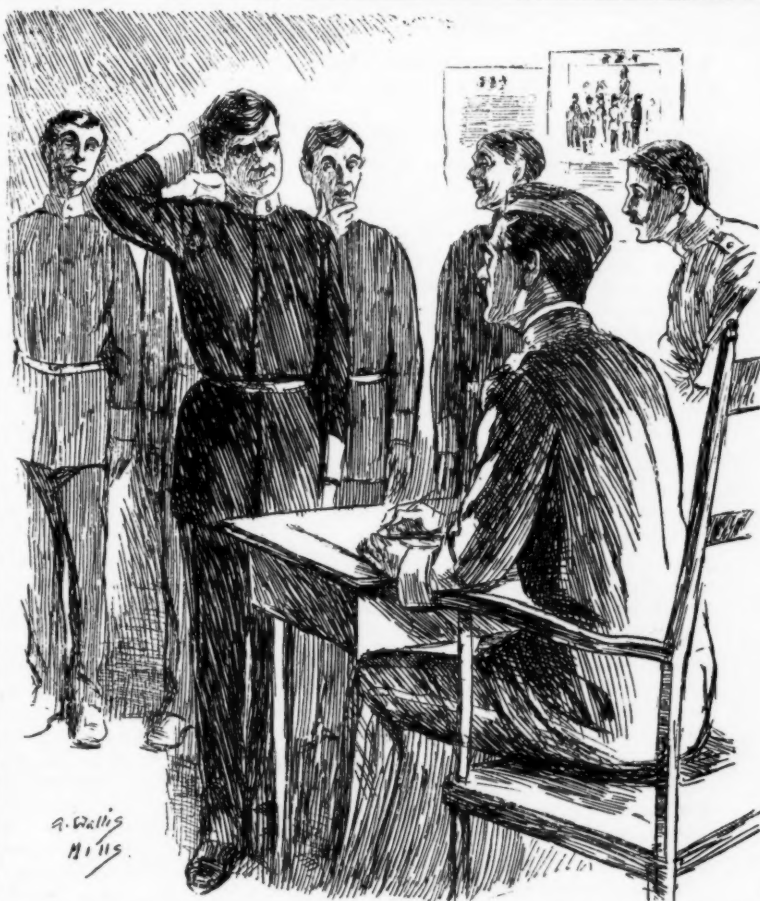


IN TWO PLAY-HOUSES.

A Page from our Impressionist's Note-Book.

Becky Sharp! At the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Yes, a part of her and the pleasanter part. The wit, the fun, the good nature. But the darker side absent. Scarcely a suggestion of the heartless, thoroughly and entirely wicked woman. "I am innocent!" justified. Not quite THACKERAY, but very good play acting. Miss MARIE TEMPEST to be congratulated. *Raudon Crawley*, Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, excellent. Everyone has his own ideal, and perhaps the *Raudon Crawley* of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is not the ideal of everyone. But it would be difficult for anyone to suggest an improvement. Heavy cavalry man, gambler, but, to use the slang of the day, "good sort." Magnificent in the supper scene. Mr. GILBERT HARE not quite the *Marquis of Steyne*. Very near, but not quite. A trifle too old. A little angular, and THACKERAY's *Marquis* was rounded. Difficult again to suggest improvement. A fine performance, worthy of his father's son. Version? Well, not bad. On the whole a good play. Rather absurd the Earl's courtship. Meets *Becky* in Act II., and then a number of years pass. Under the circumstances the incidents of the last scene a little late. But taken all round—considering that scenery and dresses are first-rate—good play, well worth seeing. Final objection, interior of sponging-house a little too gorgeous. Less of the second-rate palace and more of the fifth-rate coffee-house would have been better. But on the whole, I repeat, good play, well worth seeing.

A Man of his Word. At Mrs. LANGTRY's truly beautiful Imperial Theatre. Rather forced idea of honour. Officer and gentleman, believing himself to be dying, confesses that he did not perform an act usually rewarded with the Victoria Cross. Induces his dearest friend to promise never to tell. Dearest friend doesn't tell, and gets into a scrape in consequence. Believed to have missed the Victoria Cross himself. Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross recovers, and is ordered to take command of the Army somewhere in the North-West Provinces, because (to put it in mess-room form) "he's about the only JOHNNIE who knows how to win the battle, don't you know." Matter, remotely connected with the Victoria Cross, hushed up in consequence of national importance of the programme. Exit Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross, promising—in a vague kind of way—that after he has won the battle he will disappear for ever. Probably change his name, shave off his moustache and become a millionaire or something of that sort. Still, amusing piece. Mr. HERBERT WARING, admirable as dearest friend of the Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross.



Officer. "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?"

Man. "I DUNNO, SIR."

Officer. "COME, COME! WHAT CHURCH DO YOU ATTEND—CHURCH OF ENGLAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC, OR NONCONFORMIST?"

Man. "PLEASE, SIR, I FOLLERS THE BAND!"

Mr. H. B. IRVING, as Senior Failure, also capital. Mrs. CECIL RALEIGH, as a lady who seems anxious to act as a guide to a personally-conducted party to the High Court of Justice, Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, also most pleasing. Character rather curious specimen of society at Simla.

Play judiciously stage-managed, but rather a pity that some one from H. Q. S. was not asked to look in to inspect military details. In the absence of that individual, and acting as his unwilling substitute, I venture to hint that some of the officers should not have been passed their drill until they had learned how to close their fingers in saluting. Divided opinion, too, about the wearing of sword knots. Fancy that C.R.A. in the last act would have had sufficient service to have known that his sword knot was wrong—think it would have attracted unfavourable attention at an official inspection. And why levee dress for dinner or five

o'clock tea? Of course, the entire garrison may have been lunching in state with the Viceroy, but, in spite of this suggestion, the levee dress—although distinctly effective, was scarcely convincing. Yet these are very minor details. *A Man of his Word*, a very good play very well acted. Seems to be a success. Success deserved.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph*, the French Police, in view of the Czar's visit, "are actively looking for Anarchists at Dunkirk," and in the same column a quotation from the *Français*, dated from the port which CHARLES THE SECOND sold, announces that "well-known Nihilists and persons reported to be dangerous Anarchists have for several days been missing from their usual places of residence." Mr. *Punch*, without pretending to be a SHERLOCK HOLMES, would respectfully suggest that "the well-known &c." may have crossed the Channel.

OVER!

TAKE off the bails and put the timbers by,
And stand the willow in his upright bed,
Yea, doff the prophylactic pad and cry,
Cry "Over!" for the cricket year is dead?

Now let the white-robed umpire be at peace
From that eternal doubt of leg-before;
Now from his trundling let the bowler cease,
And let the weary lobster lob no more.

Lo! on the bounds of Space and Time, set loose,
That *fin de siècles* promised by the seers,
Foreshadowed in a temporary truce
Of centuries and a silence of the spheres!

Henceforth the Amateur, through winter-days
Obscurely eking out his summer's fame,
Consumes the hour in idleness or plays
Upon a rougher pitch a sterner game.

The Pro., descending from his high estate,
Now veils his godhead like a setting star;
And County Heroes deign to hibernate
Disguised as publicans behind a bar.

No more the placard at the closing hour
Shall thrill the breast of London's homeward throng
With tales of "SAMMY'S CIDER TURNING SOUR,"
Or "BOBBY AT THE OVAL GOING STRONG."

Now may the statistician's brain desist,
Soon as the ultimate account is cast,
From wondering whether FRY will head the list
Or RANJI'S record-aggregate be passed.

Conundrums which were wont to rack the Town
Are either answered or they leave us cold;
For instance, "*Are the Champions breaking down?*"
Or, *Is there any further use for MOLD?*"

No longer shall we spoil our bacon's fat,
Scanning the morning news with fevered eye,
To see if TROTT secured another "hat,"
Or ARCHIE had the courage to "declare."

To half-forgotten themes we turn again,
To politics, to books, to social modes,
From ABEL we adjourn to thoughts of CAINE,
And from the greater to the lesser RHODES.

Imagination with reluctant wings
On European monarchs' tracks shall go,
And find in Denmark's company of kings
Poor substitutes for Leicester's KING and COE.

And we shall read about the Royal Cruise,
And marvel how the Duke of CORNWALL likes
To wear a third-class County's name and lose
The lonely lustre streaming from the Tykes.

We may admire the Daedalean nerve
Of French mechanics steering round the sky,
But can their clumsy methods match the swerve
Of HIRST'S deliveries swooping as they fly?

And all this fuss of ALFRED, called The Great!
What was his average? Did he play to win?
Can he compare (allowing for the date)
With England's other ALFRED—meaning MYNN?

So must we read of War and Trade and Art,
Dull chronicles, for half the winter through,
Till something happens fit to fire the heart,
Then when the Lion meets the Kangaroo!

O. S.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

(A Holiday Fancy.)

It began with the rainbow. Stretched on brown turf I had watched the slate-coloured sky illuminated on a sudden by a wealth of colouring which suggested that the clerk of the weather was—with all his shortcomings—a man of true artistic feeling. The ground on which I was lolling was scarcely touched by the recent shower, for a friendly old elm spread his protecting arms above me. Evidently the rainbow had exercised an exhilarating effect upon him, for a handful of dry leaves pattered on to my upturned face. I captured one of these, and was idly pulling it to pieces when a tiny voice at my elbow said:

"You needn't destroy fairy correspondence."

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round.

A tiny elf was perched upon a tuft of cornflowers a few paces from me.

"You know very well," continued a voice like the purling of a brook, "that we send messages to one another on the leaves. At least you used to know it *once* when you tried to read our marks and symbols in that old Surrey garden."

"That was such a long time ago," I observed lamely. "You see I was very small then, and so much has happened since. But how is it you are here, of all places. Surely those quaint old gardens and woods—"

The blue eyes gleamed till the cornflowers paled with envy. "There are plenty of children who want us. Perhaps you thought we ceased to exist when you forgot to look for us."

"Not at all," I said, with the uncomfortable feeling that my thoughts had been read. "These children, however," I added hastily, in order to turn the conversation from a personal channel, "will scarcely appreciate your kind attentions."

"You're far, far more stupid than you used to be," said the fairy, reflectively; "like all grown-up people—especially men!" She looked wistfully at the scattered bands of grubby, yelling, Cockney children playing about.

"When you were a sensible little boy," she resumed, "you found us because you wanted us. These children want us far more than you did—although they may not know how to express it. Every child is not brought up luxuriously on HANS ANDERSEN." (She looked severely at me.) "But we can read in their eyes and their wistful mouths that they want us. Why, every London park is full of fairies now."

The journalistic instinct rose within me. I had visions of an article, "Interview with a Fairy: an Elf's Opinion of the London School Board," etc. At that moment a small girl of six created a diversion by rushing across the grass close by and climbing over prohibitive railings into a sacred, ringed-off portion of ground. She was hunting after a ball she had lost. A severe-looking park-keeper came up from the opposite direction. Instantly the fairy swung off her perch, and just as the keeper passed she threw two stray sunbeams into his eyes. This so dazzled him that he didn't note the trespasser who had paused in terror. Then another sunbeam was flung in the direction of the ball, and the next minute the child was racing away with the recovered treasure.

"Capital," I said—

"Eh?" said the park-keeper, looking down.

"I wasn't speaking to you," I explained, then looked around me. The fairy had gone. But I realised that there were more things in a London park than are dreamt of in a park-keeper's—or, for the matter of that, a journalist's—philosophy.

THE PAINTER'S FAVOURITE BALLAD.—The song which touched my art—"The Veiled Picture."

THE LATEST FRENCH TOAST.—*L'eau de vie pour le Czar!*



A SHORT MEMORY.

Shade of Bismarck (to German Pressman). "YOU WRITE OF BRITISH 'BRUTALITIES,' MY FRIEND. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR BISMARCK SO SOON?"

[*"For almost every repressive measure taken by our military authorities in South Africa, and others which may yet be taken, a precedent can be found in the measures taken by the German military authorities in France during the war of 1870-71."*—Letter to the "Times," Sept. 3, 1901.]

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THE CRUISE OF THE SARRINA.

II.—A CIRCULAR TOUR.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Milford Haven, Tuesday.—Wasn't there someone who wrote a treatise on *The Hunting of the Staff*? Or was it *The Tracking of the Snark*? Fancy it was the former. Anyhow, we've spent a fair summer day in hunting for the Staff. Game peculiar to single line railways worked on the block system. Idea—very reasonable—is that if you have only one train at a time on a particular section of the line, you can't possibly have a collision. Aargh, the guard of a train passing through station A is handed something like a policeman's truncheon which he delivers up on passing station B. Till the Staff comes back to station A no train may follow on track of train number one.

"Very well," as WILLIAM ALLAN says when explaining to the House the fearsome potentialities of the Belleville Boiler.

Our intent was to make our way from Milford Haven to Fishguard on the northern coast of the peninsula that flanks the entrance to the Bristol Channel. If we had taken the ordinary train all would have been well. But none of your ordinary trains for the COMMODORE, Bart. Like *Todgers*, he "can do it when he likes," and he always likes. Must have a special train, and such a specialer! Only a saloon carriage; but the floor was carpeted with rugs from far-off Ind; the cushions on the seats were of faint sea-green morocco; the silken curtains looped across the windows were of the same tint. A silver lamp swung over a table at which eight could comfortably sit at luncheon. From a corner peeped a lordly hamper.

"Something iced," said the COMMODORE in reply to the MEMBER FOR SARK's mute enquiring glance.

Capital start this. Run across from coast to coast in hour and a half. High noon now. Lunch at 1.30. Meal at hotel ordered by telegraph. "And lobsters," the COMMODORE, with his own hand, added to the simple suggestions of SARK, who drafted the telegram. Trundled merrily out of the station; passed in triumph through Tenby; reached Saundersfoot, and the discovery that life is not all silk curtains, silver lamps and Eastern rugs. As at a critical point in his career, GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN" so we had forgotten the Staff, and all it implies. The Staff had gone on with the ordinary train to Whitland, and till it was brought back by down train we couldn't stir a foot—"not a Saundersfoot" as the COMMODORE gloomily said.

Half-an-hour sped. In some circumstances Saundersfoot may have its attractions for the intelligent wayfarer. Under



AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE FROM COLORADO.

Colorado P. Bugg (from the States). "SECKERTURRY HANBURY, I RECK'N? GUESS YOU'RE KINDER SKEERED TER SEE ME AROUND HERE! COME AFTER THEM PERTATERS O' YOUR'N."
President of Board of Agriculture. "NO YOU DON'T, DEAR BOY! NOT THIS TIME!!"

the midday sun, with luncheon already postponed, they were not apparent through the plate-glass windows of our luxuriant carriage. Ten minutes later down train arrived. Our guard seized the magic Staff; put on steam for Clynderwen; not so bad after all; a cold lunch was ordered; in this weather couldn't get much colder for half-an-hour's wait.

Clynderwen the junction with the main line and the single line going on to Fishguard. Do the rest of the run in half-an-hour.

"Very sorry, Sir, indeed, but the Staff just gone on. Back in fifty minutes."

'Twas the voice of the station-master. Blank silence fell on the company. Began to regard the COMMODORE with estranging glance. What did he mean by taking us out to Barmecide feasts in luxurious equipages? "And lobsters," forsooth! If he had been content with the ordinary train (return tickets at considerable reduction in price) all would have been well. Instead of which, as the judge said, he goes about the country in purple and fine linen, pulling up for fifty minutes at every other roadside station.

This last block, if nothing worse happened, would bring us to Fishguard at three o'clock, a little late for lobsters. Besides, who knows where the confounded Staff would be when we arrived at the next boundary of a section?

"I really think," said the COMMODORE, in a meek voice quite unfamiliar, what time his gaiters twinkled on his own quarter-deck, "we'd better not go on. Mightn't reach Fishguard till four o'clock, that would be—don't you think—eh? We're on the main line now, where the Staff doesn't count. If we keep on we shall get

to Milford Haven by three o'clock, and can have a snack on the yacht."

"Milford Haven, Sir!" exclaimed SARK, with irritating access of politeness. "Isn't that the place we started from at noon?"

"Well, yes," said the BARONITE, apologetically. "But, you know, we must start from somewhere; everybody does."

So we steered W.S.W. by south, reaching Milford Haven at 3.15, hot and hungry.

"*Je n'ai pas vu Carcassonne*," wails the dying man in the plaintive Gascon ballad. We did not see Fishguard.

This melancholy and true story should be illustrated by a map after the manner of *Treasure Island*. Failing that, look up the map in the railway guide of the Great Western Co. and you'll find our circular tour appropriately marked in blood-red-line.

A DIALOGUE OF DEGREES.

Little Daughter (to poor Vicar). Daddy, a gentleman in gaiters has called.

Vicar. A gentleman in gaiters! Was he anything like Dean SIMPKIN?

Little Daughter. Oh, no, daddy! Besides, he told me that he thought a pair of braces would do you good.

Vicar. A pair of braces! It surely couldn't have been the Bishop.

Little Daughter. No, daddy; he said he was Lord MONKCHESTER's gamekeeper, and here are the braces.

[Produces a brace of partridges.

Vicar (relieved). Very kind, I'm sure; but he did wear gaiters, didn't he, dear?

Little Daughter. Yes, daddy; but they were so dirty that I thought at first he was a grateful poacher.

[Vicar comes to the conclusion that his daughter has hit the mark.]

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. II.—THE DUKE OF DONNYBROOK AND BOW.

THE fifteenth Duke of Donnybrook and Bow—
It is a splendid and an ancient title—
Felt that life's lamp was sinking very low,
Leaving but little of the spark called vital.
His sins—nay, let us speak of them as errors—
Were few; for such a Duke death has no terrors.

He was a good old man; not overwise,
But Dukes require no ample store of wisdom;
Dulness had no disfavour in his eyes,
And dull men loved him, for he never quizzed 'em.
He was no wit—in fact, I don't know whether
It's right to mention Dukes and wit together.

Yet he was great: he won the Derby race
First with a chestnut, next time with a bay gee.
In every Cabinet he had a place,
And so they made him G.C.B. and K.G.
In every English county he had got land;
He owned a river and a moor in Scotland.

All other things he had his rank to suit:
Cedars and oaks his spacious gardens grew in;
Much glass he owned for orchids and for fruit—
Possessed five castles and a hoary ruin.
Pictures and prints—I scarce know how to tell 'em—
And busts and arms and folios bound in vellum.

That death should take this man appears to me
A most un-English and pro-Boer proceeding.
To cut the flowers and let the coarse stuff be
Is, you'll agree with me, unskilful weeding.
It needs a lot of pretty hard forgiving
To take a Duke and leave a pauper living.

Such pleas availed not, as the hour drew nigh,
To check the purpose of the grizzly spectre.
The Duke, good soul, resigned himself to die,
Sustained, consoled, encouraged by the Rector,
Who held a Ducal living and was trying
To do his best to help the Ducal dying.

So the Duke died, and all men praised him well
(Some praised too much, but nobody rebuked 'em);
But, which was strange, no man of them could tell
Who should succeed the dead Duke in the Dukedom.
Much to the British public's consternation,
The Duke, it seemed, had left no male relation.

Three brothers he had had, but one
In infancy departed.
His breath was short, his race was run
Almost before he started.
The second might have travelled far,
And might have died in bed, Sir.
One day he bought a motor-car;
The next day he was dead, Sir.
The third one (of a City man
He seemed to have the makings)
In manhood's prime set out to plan
Commercial undertakings.
The City was his hunting ground:
In many a bright prospectus
On which his Lordship's name was found
He offered to direct us.
Withal, the man was never rash,
For, ere the wise foreboded
Or even hinted at a crash,
He skilfully unloaded.

He floated out his companies,
But when there came a gale, or
When clouds were black, finance's seas
Knew no more careful sailor.
If storms arose he judged it best,
Unless they could be weathered,
To make for home; he had a nest
Most comfortably feathered.
But how shall man foretell his end?
His companies outgrew him,
And one declared a dividend—
The shock was such it slew him.
(To be continued.)

R. C. L.

TORTURE-CHAMBER MUSIC.

["The French Académie de Médecine has been much excited over a new dental apparatus which combines the administration of gas with phonographic musical selections. While you are inhaling the one, you are likewise drinking in the other, and the result is said to be 'a most agreeable sensation.'"—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

SCENE—A Modern Torture-Chamber, i.e., the Operating-room of a Dentist. In a prominent position before the window stands a "roomy" chair fitted with mechanism for adjusting same. Overhanging it is a movable case of implements of the most dis- and ex-tracting kind. Near by is a formidable apparatus exhaling a gaseous odour for administering anæsthesia, to it is attached a phonograph, contiguous to which latter is an enormous array of boxes filled with wax cylinders containing "tunes." A shadowy assistant flits to and fro, appearing and disappearing with alarming frequency and mystery, rising and falling in clouds of odour. The Dentist is wiping a particularly aggressive-looking instrument when a stout and elderly lady enters. Her face is so swollen she cannot speak.

Dentist. Good morning! (Referring to visiting-book as he waves elderly sufferer to the chair.) Ah! (Apparently satisfied that the lady is not there under false pretences, proceeds to gaze upon her disfigurement with a cheerful smile.) An abscess, ma'am. I'm afraid we shall have to dispense with the services of that gentleman (forcing Elderly Lady's mouth open and playfully tapping offending "gentleman" with forceps. Elderly Lady winces and throws up a pair of remonstrating hands). Please, don't be alarmed. We will take it out, I think, under gas. Painless. Absolutely, I assure you, and not unpleasant. (Elderly Lady's face, if capable of expression, would facially "beg to differ.") Dentist signals violently to Shadowy Assistant, who is energetically engaged in looking the other way; having at length made him appreciate the fact that the Elderly Lady is about to have "gas," he proceeds to make the necessary preparations.) It is usual, Madam—with great confidence and professional aplomb—to make these operations as agreeable as possible. I propose to lull you into a rapturous repose. (Sweeps his hands slowly before Elderly Lady's face, suggesting, in a general way, the enchantment of the process.) You will fall asleep on "a dying air." (Elderly Lady attempts to rise. Adjusting the chair to an almost horizontal position.) Pray be calm, Madam. A quotation merely, SHAKESPEARE. I mean a musical air, as you shall see—or hear. (Laying a hand affectionately on phonograph.) Attached to the apparatus is this phonograph, which will be set in motion at the same time as the gas is administered. You will float away—metaphorically—to the sound of soft music. (Elderly Lady is much impressed.) Now, I should be so obliged if you could give me some idea of the kind of music you would like to go off to. (Happily.) Shall it be a spirited mazurka, reminiscent of happy girlhood's days? (Elderly Lady signifies disapproval by gurgle.) Then a dreamy waltz? We have all the latest, and I must say the delirium of some of our modern waltzes has a most spirit-wafting effect. Lift you out of yourself. (Elderly Lady shows



D aler. "IS HE QUIET? BLESS YER 'FART, THAT 'ORSE 'E'S A CONFIDENTIAL 'ORSE, THAT'S WOT 'E IS!"
Customer. "AH, I SEE—CONFIDENTIAL. THEN I SUPPOSE YOUR LAD'S WHISPERING SOMETHING IN HIS EAR NOW!"

great aversion to waltz-music.) No? Then a patriotic song or a soft solo from one of our comic operas? (Elderly Lady suggests by muffled interjections that it would be most inappropriate. It is anything but a comic operation.) True. Well, shall we say a nocturne? Something from the divine CHOPIN? (Elderly Lady frantically signals to dentist to extract tooth, and becomes exhausted.) Then, Madam, I'm sure WAGNER is to your taste. Quite a run on Tannhäuser for back teeth, while the "Wedding March" from Lohengrin is a safe "molar" accompaniment. (Elderly Lady stares blankly at Dentist, who takes silence for consent and proceeds with operation to the tune of:

"You may wriggle, you may struggle, but I've got him in my eye,
 And I'll have him, yes, I'll have him, I will have him by-and-by!"
 an air from "Faust-up-to-Date" which the Shadowy Assistant slips in by mistake.)

SAME SCENE. (Two hours later.)
 A slim, clean-shaven young man, with glasses and what is termed an "artistic" get-up, rises in an excited state from the chair. Gas having been just administered and a tooth drawn, to the tune of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

S. Y. M. (as furiously as the exhausted state in which the gas has left him will allow, to Dentist, who smiles in amiable discomfort). You more than fool! You Philistine! To rob me of a sound tooth. I particularly pointed out the tooth I wanted extracted. (Dentist suggests choice was prompted by decay). Nonsense! Rot! It was the other one, two teeth off. But that's a small matter. It's not the tooth I grudge. But I'm a musician, and to be forced to experience one of the most deliciously languishing sensations to that execrable tune! It's atrocious, it's degrading! An insult to my artistic instinct, an outrage against my delicately constituted organisation. It has left me with impressions that it will take weeks to obliterate. If you had only let me go off to TSCHAIKOWSKY'S *Last Symphony*! I would have forgiven a trifling mistake. Even MENDELSSOHN, or a Ritournelle by Madame CHAMINADE. I could have borne the loss of a few teeth under such circumstances. But the "Absent—"

[Completely collapses at the idea, and is gently removed by the shadowy Assistant, who is responsible for the mistake and the dreadfully tragic situation.]

THE CALENDAR OF LOVE.

I KNEW a little maid in January,
 She was so sweet and wary,
 But not the little maid I knew

In February;
 I knew that little maid in March,
 All frills and furbelows and starch,
 But when in April storm and shine
 (A different sort of weather)
 I thought the little maid was mine,
 And we together!

I knew that little maid in May,
 When blossoms were a-showing.
 She grew more proud from day to day
 When June with life was flowing.
 Then came July, and she and I
 Had quite a tender tether:
 What mattered storm or cloudy sky?—
 We were together!

Then August brought the bloom to come,
 With fruit both rich and mellow;
 September made the Harvest Home,
 With fields of cornstalks yellow;
 October—then she showed her pride,
 November made her slither,
 December showed I was denied—
 We are no more together.
 But still I love her, time or tide,
 And hope for better weather!

SEPTEMBER SONG.

'Tis the season of unreason; it were treason
To write sense.
In September, pray remember, silly songs are
No offence.
If you're clever now you never will endeavour
To be wise,
But be frivolously jolly, catching folly
As it flies.
Now we weary with our dreary, silly query
Every print;
Not forgetting to be setting social problems
Without stint.
Now the scaly serpent daily do we gaily
Renovate,
On his visit in a solemn open column
We dilate.
Lass and lad, see, ma and dad, see, from the sad sea
Come at last,
For the summer has become a happy mem'ry
Of the past.
Now we tumble with a grumble to our humble
Business ways.
As we dream in manner hazy of our lazy
Holidays.
Maids alluring are enduring now the curing
Homburg yields.
Now the partridge with a cartridge seeks the sportsman
O'er the fields.
Now the clubby, fresh and chubby (trifle tubby)
City he
Doth in triumph romp and royster with the oyster
From the sea!

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

Aboard the "*Orlando*." 1.30. Already quite a nautical appetite. Steward places us. My next neighbour and boon companion is CHARLIE WORTLER, an old friend and distinguished actor (though WORTLER is not his *nom de théâtre*), whom I have not seen for years. Delighted, both of us; and, in a second, we are, as it were, Siamese twins; at all events, we are together bound for the same port, on the same voyage—but not, of course, in a twin-ship.

Captain also delighted at our knowing each other. But was there ever such a captain? Why, on his personal introduction as host and master of the ceremonies aboard ship, we all, every man Jack of us, and every woman Jil of us, become intimately acquainted, nay, on the very best possible terms with one another within the first twenty minutes of dinner-time. This fraternal sentiment commences at our table which, temporarily, is the Captain's, and communicates itself rapidly to the entire party occupying the several tables in the dining saloon, for the Wilson Liner is choke-full and not a cabin to spare. With most courteous diplomacy, our Captain does not stick to one table and isolate a small party, as if by favouritism, but he takes the chair, as it were, at various meetings—now at one mess, now at another—of his constituents, who, to a man or woman, will at the end of the voyage all plump for Captain COWLRICK, and would vote solid for making him Admiral of the Fleet, but for the fact that thereby they would lose, not only his cheery companionship, but his tried and experienced seamanship on this Tilbury to Norway voyage.

If it be fine weather, our Captain points out the pleasures of the trip, and expatiates on all the manifest advantages of travelling by sea. He is the first to set the passengers amusing themselves with "deck quoits," with "deck croquet" (a

most ingenious game), and with "deck" anything else that offers opportunities for exercise or that affords diversion. If there be a "nasty sea on" and ladies are collapsing, is not our Captain at hand to see them well and comfortably bestowed, and to restore courage to the most nervous by pointing out, clearly and sensibly, how there could not possibly be any danger, as, if there were, could he, as Captain, be attending to them? Would he not have to be "above," like the sweet little cherub in the old nautical song "perched" (as a cherub might be, being in a general way physically incapacitated for either sitting or standing—but not so our Captain) "up aloft, keeping watch for the life of poor JACK," that is (in the Captain's case), for the safty of the ship and those committed to his charge? Certainly he would; and that common-sense reasoning is the most efficacious remedy for the nerves at sea.

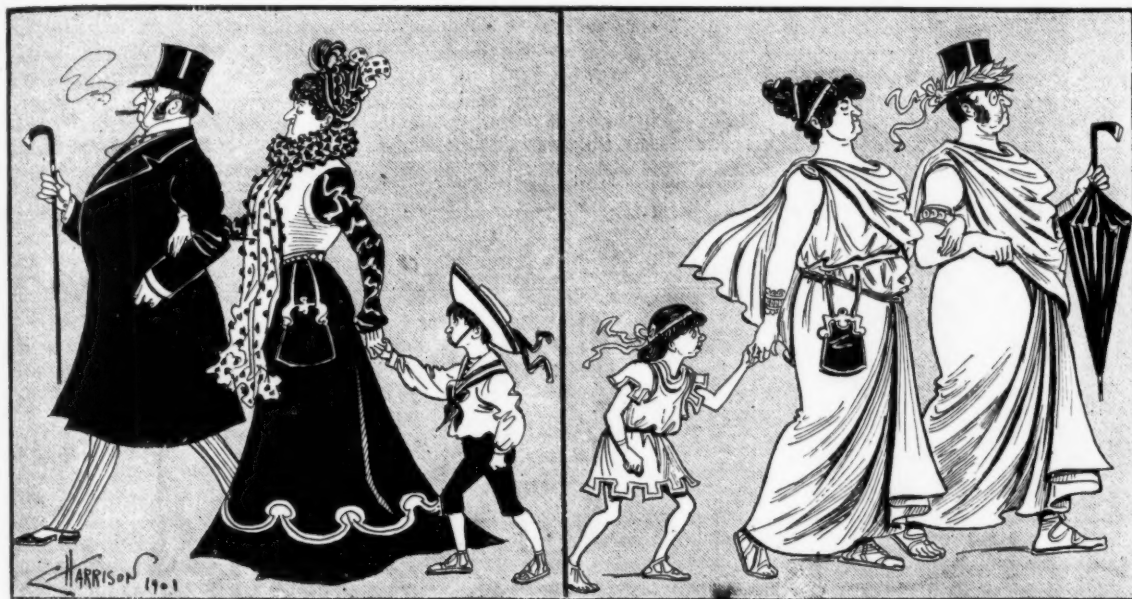
So the Captain is a capital doctor for *mal-de-mer*, and those who imagine themselves at their worst would be simply hopeless but for his considerate and tactful treatment. Bravo, Captain COWLRICK, who, when we are "all at sea," makes every one of us feel "quite at home." Let us all chorus, as years ago they did in *Black Eye'd Susan* Burlesque, only substituting *Cowlricks* for *Crosstrees*, to the once familiar air of "*Champagne Charlie*." "Captain COWLRICK is my name (*bis*), Good for any game to-night, my boys (*bis*). Then, bravo, boys, off again to sea!"

Very hot August day, but comparatively cool, with gentle breeze, as, post-prandially, we sit about on deck, reading, chatting and idling generally, with occasional doze. Universal opinion nautically expressed, that, in lovely weather, on a perfectly calm sea, and with land still clearly in view, there is nothing like a sea trip, absolutely nothing to compare with it for real enjoyment!

Also there is nothing like companionship aboard, on a sea voyage, to bring out the real genuine man or woman, no matter what his or her profession or business may be when on shore. Here is WORTLER, a melodramatic actor of either the brightest or the deepest dye, according to the part for which he may have been cast. Rarely have I seen him on the boards otherwise than as a gallant rescuer of heroines, a champion of virtue, a man who redeems a vicious past by one act of heroic self renunciation, uniting the lovers' hands over his breast and dying to slow music as the final curtain descends, or, occasionally, as a polite villain of the modern school, with a self-possessed manner and a handy pistol in his trousers pocket, and once as such an awful type of humanity degraded by drunkenness that the representation brought tears to the eyes of all and caused such dryness of throats (through emotion) as could only be relieved by the longest, deepest, and most cooling draughts immediately that exceptionally thrilling performance was over,—and here he is, in *propria persona*, "merry and free" (as that atrocious gay scoundrel, JACK SHEPPARD, used to describe himself in his old song) and about as jolly as the jolliest of sandboys, whatever a "sandboy" may be—as long as he remains the accepted nautical type of joviality.

Be the *voyageur* a barrister, statesman, actor, author, clergyman, doctor, no matter what, there is such a briny breeziness about a sea-voyage that it takes off every particle of professional veneer, blows away all conventional cobwebbiness, and men and women *en voyage* appear, perhaps for the first time in their lives, as what they really are, as what Nature originally intended them to be, and shows them all, with very few exceptions, to be just about "as good as they make 'em"—that is, generally, honest specimens of kindly humanity. Aye! and even in their suffering! For suffering is "the badge of" nearly "all the tribe" that go down to the sea in ships and attempt to take their pleasure in the decidedly "deep," not to say treacherous, waters.

Here is WORTLER, on the very first evening, delighting us with some recitations, having been pressed thereto by others



MR., MRS., AND MASTER JONES AS THEY APPEAR NOW.

MR., MRS., AND MASTER JONES AS THEY MAY APPEAR IN THE
NEAR FUTURE.

[The Sandal craze may be the beginning of a great change in the matter of dress.]

who, captain included and taking the lead, have all been doing their level best to make the time pass pleasantly. And the next evening where is WORTLER, "where is he?" Wrapped up, bedless, supperless, drinkless, swathed in rugs, lying in a sort of gutter on the upper deck, refusing to be comforted, and only murmuring polite but almost inarticulate regrets as to the impossibility of his accepting any invitation to take light refreshment "down below," being at that particular moment otherwise engaged. But that was an evening and a night when, with a few fortunate exceptions (*not* including WAGSTAFF, who, after being ultra-marine and affecting to play the sailor, has every old joke and every possibility of a joke taken out of him), all landsmen and landswomen on board were either quite overcome by *mal-de-mer*, or nervously over-cautious, deciding upon *not* "going down to avoid" [as the pugilists have it] the probable unpleasant consequences of what a composer might describe as "a movement in C." Yet once the storm over, all are alive again! Then, as evening advances, and calm sea and rest and dinner restore us, the guests, like the blackbirds in the opened pie, "began to sing," and long before our arrival at Christiansand we are, one and all of us, "a pretty dish to set before a" Viking.

Gradually (I am referring to the first night and not to that of the storm), the music being over and the National Anthem chorussed by the entire company (upon the principle of each one for himself, and God save the King for us all), we retire, one by one, to our cabins in order to give ourselves, individually, plenty of time for so arranging our compartments (some eight or ten feet high, and five or six broad) as to resemble, as nearly as may be, our own spacious bed and dressing rooms at home. The door of my cabin is partially open, and the port-hole open also: a delightful current of air. Curling myself round somewhat after the manner of a tired dog making himself comfortable on a hearthrug before the fire, I, so to speak, worm myself into the "bunk" (why "bunk"? and cautiously stretch out my legs as I mentally measure the

space at command, and accommodate the coverlet, sheets, and blanket to my straitened circumstances.

After taking a half turn, so to put it nautically, to star-board and remaining there on trial, I execute another equally cautious, and, as it would be called in music, "slow movement" to larboard side. ("Larboard it is"—or, if it isn't, let me be corrected by those who know better.) Having decided on the advantages of this position I begin to pay attention to my going to sleep, and now for the first time I become aware of the wonderful power of the screw. It is like the heart of the ship, pulsating quickly, unceasingly, loudly, but with a decidedly healthy action. Its healthiness is encouraging. But will it not, like *Macbeth's* crime, "murder sleep"? I begin to read in order to distract my attention from the screw and to induce sleep. I will not mention the name of the book, as to do so, under the circumstances, might be deemed uncomplimentary to the author. However, whether I became deeply interested and began to meditate, or whether the monotony of the thudding exercised a soothing effect on my nerves, I suddenly found myself dozing, when, seizing the opportunity, and always preternaturally cautious as to making any sudden movement which should hopelessly muddle the bunk-coverings for the night, I stretch my hand towards the electric button, turn it, "put out the light, and then"—slowly and very gingerly withdraw myself into my little lair, as if I were some fugitive hiding from the minions of a cruel tyrant, and, once more neatly and quietly folding myself up and laying myself out, like a suit of flannels, on a shelf in a store cupboard, I am very soon sound asleep. Not absolutely without rocking, but the rocking is of the gentlest possible "hushabye-baby" description, so that this child of nature feels quite at "home on the rolling deep, where the scattered waters" do something or other, I forget what it was in the old song, "and the winds their revels keep." Revels or no revels, the winds do not disturb me, and I do not open my eyes again until 5 A.M. on a glorious Sunday morning.



A BLANK DAY.

First Friend. "THE BIRDS ARE TERRIBLY WILD TO-DAY."

Second Friend. "NOT HALF SO WILD AS OUR HOST WILL BE, IF IT KEEPS ON LIKE THIS."

CLOUD-FLASHES.

[As most modern "lyrics," however obscure, seem to conceal some sort of meaning, which to that extent detracts from their artistic perfection, the following verses are intended as an attempt at avoiding this blemish.]

SOUL of soft silence, while the shadowed lawns

Hold lambent laughter, subtle joys
(Ere yet the morrow's saffron dawns)

In equivoise,
Let languor-stirring shafts, more fleet than fawns,

Bask in the beam that cloys.

Ah me! pale pulse of heartsick soul and wan,

Pant in wild roseate pain, and pine
(One moment more and it is gone),

Oh, heart of mine!

Anon it fevers and it sinks anon,
While sinuous folds entwine.

Runnels of wine! Boy Bacchus's lush kind!

What time a May-day insect flits its span—

(Air chains to hold, and ropes of sand to bind!)

Rankle, and scan

Hot, seething verses, passion-charged, and find

A meaning if you can.

A BALLADE OF UNPROFITABLE SPECULATION.

OH, you on philosophy's page

The oracles skilled to explain,

Who obsolete tendencies gauge,

And reconstruct periods again,

Come, weigh us this loss with that gain,

Compare with the pessimist's curse

The optimist's jubilant strain,—

Is the world growing better or worse?

In progress of age after age,

The stage coach must yield to the train,

Now croquet, now golf is the rage,

Now rises Democracy's reign;

Now SHAKESPEARE gives place to H—L C—E,

Fine prose is now turgid, now terse,

One's meat is another man's bane,—

Is the world growing better or worse?

Still strife on the world's mighty stage

The villain and hero maintain;

Still problems it offers the sage,

Still dreamers build castles in Spain:

The moon that now waxes will wane,

And *pros* and *cons*, when we rehearse

The question, bewilder the brain,—

Is the world growing better or worse?

Envoy.

Nay, strive from the world but one pain,

One evil, at least, to disperse,

And let who will argue in vain—

Is the world growing better or worse?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 11, 1901.



A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

THE CZAR. "WELL, GOODBYE, MY DEAR FELLOW. I'VE GOT SOME ONE WAITING TO SEE ME."
KAISER WILHELM. "NOT A MONEYLENDER, I HOPE?"
THE CZAR. "H'M! I'M AFRAID NOT."

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THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

No I.—MCBETH.

READERS of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* may remember that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is at some pains to justify himself in a preface for writing a drama dealing with characters already used by SHAKSPEARE. He maintains that the intelligent playgoer, however much he may admire SHAKSPEARE, may reasonably desire, as time goes on, to see his plots and characters rehandled in the light of modern ideas. Sated with SHAKSPEARE, in fact, he clamours for SHAKSPEARE. The tragedy of *Macbeth* is a crucial instance of the need for such revision. The deplorable lack of any trace of Scots idiom must entirely prevent it from being accepted as a realistic picture of the events it purports to recall. In the Shawksperean version this defect has, it is hoped, been successfully overcome, while the five acts have been successfully compressed into two.

ACT I.—SCENE—Glamis Castle. MCBETH, who, it will be remembered, was Thane of Glamis, is discovered sitting by the fire in the great hall with a glass of whisky and water at his elbow. It is nearly midnight. Enter Lady MCBETH.

McB. Hoots, wife, are ye noe abed yet?

Lady M. 'Tis noe likely wi' DOONCAN an a' ben the house.

McB. Eh, woman, ye're jist puffit up wi' pride to hae the King o' Scotlan' to stop wi' ye.

Lady M. Aweel, 'tis a great honour.

McB. Ay, an' verra expeensive. Will he gang the morrow, d'ye ken?

Lady M. (darkly). I hope noe to see that morrow, guidmon.

McB. (taking some more whisky). Eh, wife, yer face is as a buke whaur mon may read strange matters.

Lady M. 'Tis verra like.

McB. At the same time I dinna ken why ye should noe wish to see him gane. 'Tis aye wastefu' to hae veesitors.

Lady M. (impatiently). Mon, mon, ye're nae better than a fule. What did the Weird Seesters say to ye when ye met them?

McB. They askit me for twa shillin'.

Lady M. And when ye gied it to them?

McB. They said I wad be Thane o' Cawdor an' King o' Scotlan'.

Lady M. Aweel, are ye noe Thane o' Cawdor?

McB. Ay, syn that puir body, CAWDOR, lost his head through takin' the wrang side in the war wi' Narroway.

Lady M. And wad ye noe like to be King o' Scotlan'?

McB. (wavering). 'Tis a gran' poseetion.

Lady M. Ye shall hae it, guidmon! Ye shall hae it!

McB. (shaking his head). Woman, woman, I'm thinkin' ye're too ambeetious.



Visitor (to Model) "AND IS THIS ALL YOU DO FOR A LIVING, MR. BLOPHY?"

Model. "Oh, no, SIR, I COLLECT. WHAT MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PUTTING YOU DOWN FOR?"

Lady M. (contemptuously). Are ye afeard?

McB. Nae, nae, I'm noe afeard. But I'm noe sae rash either.

Lady M. (still unappeased). Eh, mon, ye're a gey speeritless body. Ye'll be lettin' "I daur na" wait upon "I wad," like the puir bit pussie in the story-buke.

McB. (sulkily). I've as muckle courage as my neighbours.

Lady M. Then ye've a gran' gift for concealin' it.

McB. What wad ye hae me do? I canna murder DOONCAN. 'Twad be maist inhospitable.

Lady M. 'Twill noe be necessary. (Solemnly.) Do ye ken whaur DOONCAN sleeps the nicht?

McB. Nae.

Lady M. (triumphantly). In the haunted chamber.

McB. (alarmed). The haunted chamber? Hecht, woman, His Meejesty will noe like that.

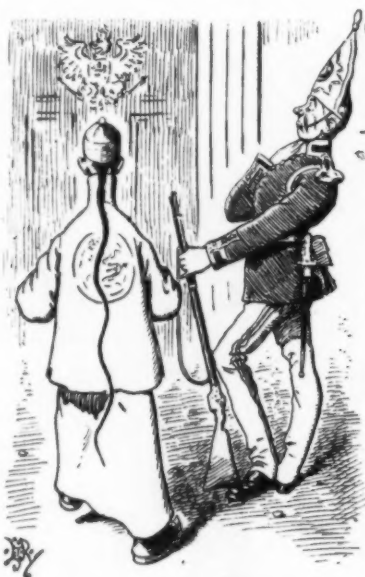
Lady M. Mon, mon, whaur hae ye left yer inteelligence? If the Glamis Ghaist sees DOONCAN he'll shak' the life oot of him. An' then ye may tak' the crown for yersell.

McB. (struck with admiration at his wife's superior cunning). Eh, wife, but ye're a gran' woman.

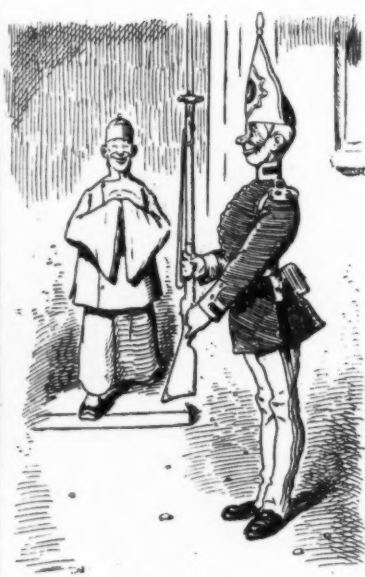
Lady M. (complacently). I winna say nae to that. But whaur wad be the guid of havin' a bonnie braw ghaistie on the preemises if I couldna mak' use of him when we waur entertainin' strangers?

McB. (nervously). And ye noe think the King will be alive the morn and

A STUDY IN MILITARY DEMEANOUR TO ORDER.



BEFORE ATONEMENT.



AND AFTER.

speirin' why he waur set to pass the nicht wi' a bogle?

Lady M. It's verra improbable.

McB. (doubtfully). The Thane o' Fife will hae somethin' to say aboot it a', I reckon. And if we fail—

Lady M. (interrupting this gloomy train of reflection). Wha talks o' failin'? Screw yer courage to the steeekin' place, mon, and we'll noe fail.

McB. 'Tis a gey awsum' thocht to set the family ghaist on yer lawfu' sovereign.

Lady M. (cheerfully). Ay, DOONCAN will hae a terrible time wi' oor Kelpie.

McB. (thoughtfully). BANQUO will be noe sae sorry to have me King o' Scotlan'.

Lady M. Are ye sure o' that?

McB. (nodding his head). The Weird Seesters were verra encouragin' to BANQUO. After the auld gaberlunzies had had twa guid shillin' fra me and had said I wad be King, mon BANQUO interruptit them verra unceevilly, speirin' if he wadna be King too. They said he wad noe be King, but his bairns wad be Kings after him.

Lady M. (philosophically). Aweel, ye maun just slit his weasend for him.

McB. Nae doot. But I dinna like the luke of it a'. (Shaking his head mournfully.) 'Twill be a dirty beesiness, I'm thinkin', a verra dirty beesiness. (Draws whiskey towards him absently.)

Lady M. (taking it from him). Ye've had enough, guidmon. If ye hae ony mair, ye'll be seein' daggers in the air and sic onwholesom' fulishness.

McB. Maybe I will. I've but a puir, sickly stomach. But eh, wife, 'tis a grimly thing to think o' oor Kelpie gettin'

his teeth in the guid DOONCAN. He will hae noe muckle sleep the nicht, I reckon.

Lady M. (grimly). He will hae muckle sleep the morrow. But will ye noe gang to the haunted chamber and spy hoo frien' DOONCAN is speedin'?

McB. Hoots, wife, I canna spy through a brick wall, an' the door will noe be open.

Lady M. Ye might leesten in the corridor.

McB. Eh, woman, ye're altogether too inquesitive. But I maun humour ye.

[Exit on tiptoe to investigate.]

Lady M. (calling after him in an ironical undertone). Wak DOONCAN wi' thy knockin'! Ye'll noe do that! Whisht, mon, can ye noe keep yer boots frac creakin'? (A pause. Then a scream is heard.) I'm thinkin' that will be the last o' frien' DOONCAN! (Re-enter McB., pale with terror.) Mon, mon, 'tis a gran' nicht for Glamis. DOONCAN skirled fine.

McB. (sinking into a chair). 'Twas noe DOONCAN that skirled. 'Twas I.

Lady M. (contemptuously). 'Twas a verra fulish proceedin'.

McB. (overcome with terror). Eh, woman, wadna ye hae skirled yersell if ye saw mon DOONCAN and oor Kelpie sittin' on the bed and havin' a frien'ly crack thegither? (Wailing.) Ohon, 'tis anawfu' sell for baith of us.

Lady M. 'Tis noe possible. How could ye see if the door waur noe open?

McB. I puttit my ee ahint the keyhole and there waur DOONCAN girning at oor Kelpie and oor Kelpie girning at DOON-

CAN like twa brithers. And then I rinned awa' skirlin'.

Lady M. (shaking him fiercely). Gang back, mon, and put yer knife in his innards.

McB. I daurna.

Lady M. Hoots, mon, hae ye nae proper pride?

McB. I hae as muckle pride as is reasonable. But I daur na face oor Kelpie!

(Curtain.)

AN IRREGULAR VERB;

Or, More Liberties with the King's English.

["Where shall we week-end?"]

PRESENT.

I weekend.

Thou cheaptrippist.

He exeurs (or, excurses).

We sharabang.

Ye start strong.

They end weak.

PAST (IMPERFECT).

I was southending.

Thou wast blowing the expense.

He was handing a bottle round.

We were changing hats.

Ye were travelling back under the seat.

They were interviewing the beak.

PERFECT.

(Not this journey.)

PLUPERFECT.

(No more this season.)

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may ostend.

Thou mayest marguerite.

He (or she) may show off on the Digue.

We may punt in the Cercle Privé.

Ye may propose to break the bank.

They may have to swim home.

IMPERATIVE.

Steward!

Let him wait!

Let's land somewhere, for goodness' sake!

Tickets, please!

All ashore!

INFINITIVE.

To beano.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: "Nothing to declare!"

Past: Fined £40 in the Custom House.

A. A. S.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

RATIONAL NATIONAL TELEPHONE.

It seems there is a chance at last

Of seeing something National.

The G.P.O.—tho' none too fast—

Shows inclinations rational.

And soon, perchance, the telephone

May cease to be contention's bone,

And in the future we may own

A service—International!



PUTTING THE OTHER FOOT IN IT.

Mother. "ETHEL IS THE VERY IMAGE OF WHAT I WAS AT HER AGE."

He. "REALLY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE!"

He (seeing his error, and striving to rectify it). "OH—ER—I WAS FORGETTING WHAT A LONG TIME AGO THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!"

Mother (coddly). "MAY I ASK WHY?"

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

III.

THE situation, before Miss CUTTER's return, developed in other directions still, and when that event took place, at a few minutes past seven, these circumstances were, by the foot of the stair, between mistress and maid, the subject of some interrogative gasps and scared admissions. Lady WANTRIDGE had arrived shortly after the interloper, and wishing, as she said, to wait, had gone straight up in spite of being told he was lying down.

"She distinctly understood he was there?"

"Oh yes, ma'am—I thought it right to mention."

"And what did you call him?"

"Well, ma'am, I thought it unfair to you to call him anything but a gentleman."

MAMIE took it all in, though there might well be more of it than one could quickly embrace. "But if she has had time," she flashed, "to find out he isn't one?"

"Oh ma'am, she had a quarter of an hour."

"Then she isn't with him still?"

"No, ma'am—she came down again at last. She rang, and I saw her here, and she said she wouldn't wait longer."

Miss CUTTER darkly mused. "Yet had already waited—?"

"Quite a quarter."

"Mercy on us!" She began to mount. Before reaching the top, however, she had reflected that quite a quarter was long if Lady WANTRIDGE had only been shocked. On the other hand it was short if she had only been pleased. But how could she have been pleased? The very essence of their actual crisis was just that there was no pleasing her! MAMIE had but to open the drawing-room door indeed to perceive that this was not true at least of SCOTT HOMER, who was horribly cheerful.

Miss CUTTER expressed to her brother without reserve her sense of the constitutional, the brutal selfishness that had determined his mistimed return. It had taken place, in violation of their agreement, exactly at the moment when it was most cruel to her that he should be there, and if she must now completely wash her hands of him he had only himself to thank. She had come in flushed with resentment, and for a moment had been voluble; but it would have been striking that, though the way he received her might have seemed but to aggravate, it presently justified him by causing their relation really to take a stride. He had the art of confounding those who would quarrel with him by reducing them to the humiliation of an irritated curiosity.

"What could she have made of you?" MAMIE demanded.

"My dear girl, she's not a woman who's eager to make too much of anything—anything, I mean, that will prevent her from doing as she likes, what she takes into her head. Of course," he continued to explain, "if it's something she doesn't want to do, she'll make as much as MOSES!"

MAMIE wondered if that was the way he talked to her visitor, but felt obliged to own to his acuteness. It was an exact description of Lady WANTRIDGE, and she was conscious of tucking it away, for future use, in a corner of her miscellaneous little mind. She withheld, however, all present acknowledgment, on'y addressing him another question. "Did you really get on with her?"

"Have you still to learn, darling—I can't help again putting it to you—that I get on with everybody? That's just what I don't seem able to drive into you! Only see how I get on with you."

She almost stood corrected. "What I mean is, of course, whether—"

"Whether she made love to me? Shyly, yet—or because—shamefully. She would have liked awfully to stay."

"Then why didn't she?"

"Because, on account of some other matter—and I could see it was true—she hadn't time. Twenty minutes—she was here less—were all she came to give you. So don't be afraid I frightened her away. She'll come back."

MAMIE thought it over. "Yet you didn't go with her to the door?"

"She wouldn't let me, and I know when to do what I'm told—quite as much as what I'm not told. She wanted to find out about me. I mean from your little creature; a pearl of fidelity, by the way."

"But what on earth did she come up for?" MAMIE again found herself appealing and, just by that fact, showing her need of help.

"Because she always goes up." Then, as, in the presence of this rapid generalization, to say nothing of that of such a relative altogether, Miss CUTTER could only show as comparatively blank: "I mean she knows when to go up and when to come down. She has instincts. She didn't know whom you might have up here. It's a kind of compliment to you anyway. Why, MAMIE," SCOTT pursued, "you don't know the curiosity we any of us inspire. You wouldn't believe what I've seen. The bigger bugs they are the more they're on the look-out."

MAMIE still followed but at a distance. "The look-out for what?"

"Why, for anything that will help them to live. You've been here all this time without making out, then, about them, what I've had to pick out as I can? They're dead, don't you see? And we're alive."

"You? Oh!"—MAMIE almost laughed about it.

"Well, they're a worn-out old lot, anyhow. They've used up their resources. They do look out. And I'll do them the justice to say they're not afraid. Not even of me!" he continued as his sister again showed something of the same irony. "Lady WANTRIDGE, at any rate, wasn't; that's what I mean by her having made love to me. She does what she likes. Mind it, you know." He was by this time fairly teaching her to know one of her best friends, and when, after it, he had come back to the great point of his lesson—that of her failure, through feminine inferiority, practically to grasp the truth that their being just as they were, he and she, was the real card for them to play—when he had renewed that reminder he left her absolutely in a state of dependence. Her impulse to press him on the subject of Lady WANTRIDGE dropped; it was as if she had felt that, whatever had taken place, something would somehow come of it. She was to be in a manner disappointed, but the impression helped to keep her over to the next morning, when, as SCOTT had foretold, his new acquaintance did reappear; explaining to Miss CUTTER that she had acted the day before to gain time and that she even now sought to gain it by not waiting longer. What, she promptly intimated she had asked herself, could that friend be thinking of? She must show where she stood before things had gone too far. If she had brought her answer without more delay she wished to make it sharp. Mrs. MEDWIN? Never! "No, my dear—not I. There I stop!"

MAMIE had known it would be "collar-work," but somehow, now, at the beginning, she felt her heart sink. It was not that she had expected to carry the position with a rush, but that, as always after an interval, her visitor's defences really loomed—and quite, as it were, to the material vision—too large. She was always planted with them, voluminous, in the very centre of the passage; was like a person accommodated with a chair in some unlawful place at the theatre. She wouldn't move, and you couldn't get round. MAMIE's calculation indeed had not been on getting round; she was obliged to recognise that, too foolishly and fondly, she had dreamed of producing a surrender. Her dream had been the fruit of her need; but, conscious that she was even yet unequipped for pressure, she felt, almost for the first time in her life, superficial and crude. She was to be paid—but with what was she,

to that end, to pay? She had engaged to find an answer to this question; but the answer had not, according to her promise, "come." And Lady WANTRIDGE meanwhile massed herself, and there was no view of her that didn't show her as verily, by some process too obscure to be traced, the hard depository of the social law. She was no younger, no fresher, no stronger, really, than any of them; she was only, with a kind of haggard fineness, a sharpened taste for life, and with all sorts of things behind and beneath her, more abysmal and more immoral, more secure and more impertinent. The points she made were two in number. One was that she absolutely declined. The other was that she quite doubted if MAMIE herself had measured the job. The thing couldn't be done. But say it *could* be: was MAMIE quite the person to do it? To this Miss CUTTER, with a sweet smile, replied that she quite understood how little she might seem so. "I'm only one of the persons to whom it has appeared that you are."

"Then who are the others?"

"Well, to begin with—Lady EDWARD, Lady BELLHOUSE and Mrs. POUNCER."

"Do you mean that they'll come to meet her?"

"I've seen them, and they've promised."

"To come, of course," Lady WANTRIDGE said, "if I come."

Her hostess hesitated. "Oh, of course you could prevent them. But I should take it as awfully kind of you not to. Won't you do this for me?" MAMIE pleaded.

Her friend looked about the room very much as SCOTT had done. "Do they really understand what it's for?"

"Perfectly. So that she may call."

"And what good will that do her?"

Miss CUTTER faltered, but she presently brought it out. "Of course, what one hopes is that you'll ask her."

"Ask her to call?"

"Ask her to dine. Ask her—if you'd be so *truly* sweet—for a Sunday, or something of that sort, and even if only in one of your *most* mixed parties, to Catchmore."

Miss CUTTER felt the less hopeful after this effort in that her companion only showed a strange good-nature. And it was not the amiability of irony. Yet it was amusement. "Take Mrs. MEDWIN into my family?"

"Some day when you're taking forty others!"

"Ah, but what I don't see is what it does for you. You're already so welcome among us that you can scarcely improve your position even by forming for us the most delightful relation."

"Well, I know how dear you are," MAMIE CUTTER replied; "but one has, after all, more than one side and more than one sympathy. I like her, you know." And even at this Lady WANTRIDGE was not shocked; she showed that ease and blandness which were her way, unfortunately, of being most impossible. She remarked that she might listen to such things, because she was clever enough for them not to matter; only MAMIE should take care how she went about saying them at large. When she became definite, however, in a minute, on the subject of the public facts, Miss CUTTER soon found herself ready to make her own concession. Of course, she didn't dispute them: there they were; they were unfortunately on record, and nothing was to be done about them but to—MAMIE found it, in truth, at this point, a little difficult!

"Well, what? Pretend already to have forgotten them?"

"Why not—when you've done it in so many other cases?"

"There are no other cases so bad. One meets them, at any rate, as they come. Some you can manage. Others you can't. It's no use—you must give them up. They're past patching—there's nothing to be done with them. There's nothing, accordingly, to be done with Mrs. MEDWIN but to put her off." And Lady WANTRIDGE rose to her height.

"Well, you know, I do do things!" MAMIE quavered with a smile so strained that it partook of exaltation.

"You help people? Oh, yes, I've known you to do wonders.

But stick," said Lady WANTRIDGE with strong and cheerful emphasis, "to your Americans!"

Miss CUTTER, gazing, got up. "You don't do justice, Lady WANTRIDGE, to your own compatriots. Some of them are really charming. Besides," said MAMIE, "working for mine often strikes me, so far as the interest—the inspiration and excitement, don't you know?—go, as rather too easy. You all, as I constantly have occasion to say, like us so!"

Her companion frankly weighed it. "Yes—it takes that to account for your position. I've always thought of you, nevertheless, as keeping, for their benefit, a regular working agency. They come to you, and you place them. There remains, I confess," her ladyship went on in the same free spirit, "the great wonder—"

"Of how I first placed my poor little self? Yes," MAMIE bravely conceded, "when I began there was no agency! I just worked my passage. I didn't even come to you, did I? You never noticed me till, as Mrs. SHORT STOKES says, 'I was 'way, 'way up!' Mrs. MEDWIN," she threw in, "can't get over it." Then, as her friend looked vague: "Over my social situation."

"Well, it's no great flattery to you to say," Lady WANTRIDGE good humouredly returned, "that she certainly can't hope for one resembling it." Yet it really seemed to spread there before them. "You simply made Mrs. SHORT STOKES."

"In spite of her name!" MAMIE smiled.

"Oh, your names—! In spite of everything."

"Ah, I'm something of an artist!" With which, and a relapse, marked by her wistful eyes, into the gravity of the matter, she supremely fixed her friend. She felt how little she minded betraying at last the extremity of her need, and it was out of this extremity that her appeal proceeded. "Have I really had your last word? It means so much to me."

Lady WANTRIDGE came straight to the point. "You mean you depend on it?"

"Awfully!"

"Is it all you have?"

"All. Now."

"But Mrs. SHORT STOKES and the others—'rolling,' aren't they?—don't they pay up?"

"Ah," sighed MAMIE, "if it wasn't for them—!"

Lady WANTRIDGE perceived. "You've had so much?"

"I couldn't have gone on."

"Then what do you do with it all?"

"Oh, most of it goes back to them! There are all sorts, and it's all help. Some of them have nothing."

"Oh, if you feed the hungry," Lady WANTRIDGE laughed, "you're indeed in a great way of business. Is Mrs. MEDWIN—her transition was immediate—"really rich?"

"Really. He left her everything."

"So that if I do say Yes—"

"It will quite set me up!"

"I see—and how much more responsible it makes one. But I'd rather myself give you the money."

"Oh!" MAMIE coldly murmured.

"You mean I mayn't suspect your prices? Well, I dare say I don't! But I'd rather give you ten pounds."

"Oh!" MAMIE repeated in a tone that sufficiently covered her prices. The question was in every way larger. "Do you never forgive?" she reproachfully inquired. The door opened, however, at the moment she spoke, and SCOTT HOMER presented himself.

(To be continued.)

NOTE BY A HOUSEHOLDER.—"Oh, Mr. Coal, you are a funny man! You have gone up a shilling a ton, and yet the official statement is that while the cellars are being filled for the winter at the increased rate, the buyers need be under no apprehension. What price the other sellers?"

THAT FELLER'S DICTIONARY.

"Traduttori, traditori."

IN most countries and in most European languages there may be obtained pocket dictionaries by a German feller called FELLER. In form they are perfect, in type they are good, in the contents alone can any fault be discovered. The words—a not unimportant feature of a dictionary—are at times less useful than could be wished. This defect, however, is to be found in most dictionaries. Careful research reveals the method of this German feller in his English-Italian volume. The Highwellborn Mister Doctor Professor—apparently unacquainted with either language—has obtained the dictionary of JOHNSON and that of some Italian contemporary of the Great Lexicographer, and, selecting those words most impressive by their length or their rarity, has triumphantly produced, according to the title page, his "Third Stereotype Edition."

IF GOLDSMITH, when he was wandering in Italy, had met GOLDONI, he might have appreciated the dictionary of the Herr Doktor. It must be admitted that there are a few anachronisms which clash with the words of the eighteenth century or earlier. "Railroad" for instance. Yet here the editor has done his best to be old-fashioned by choosing the word commonly used in England fifty years ago.

The capacious tourist of to-day may grumble at a dictionary which entirely omits such words as cab, omnibus, cigar, cigarette, postage-stamp and telegram, and gives train, tunnel, porter, ticket and platform in a sense which no one requires. When he asks where the train is and finds that he has enquired the whereabouts of his retinue, or when he wishes for a railway ticket and is offered a receipt, he will grumble yet more at this odd FELLER. As for clothes, overcoat is overlooked altogether, but he will find "trossers" as a plural garment and "trouse" as a singular one—a decidedly singular one.

Of course, in a day or two any tourist learns the simplest substantives, but when he first looks for cigar or cigarette and finds neither, he may be annoyed to discover in their place such words as, churme, eicuration, ciliary and cineritious. "Churme, rumore confuso," is charming. Perhaps this odd FELLER, who

also gives gybe and gyre, had ideas of attempting a translation of *Jabberwocky*.

However, the tourist may not always grumble. Whenever he wishes to refer to them, and in ordinary conversation some tourists may do this often, he will always be able to find the Italian equivalents of xerocollyrium, xerophthalmia, xerotes, xiphias, xylobalsamum, xylographer and xyster. Though five of these seven words are medical terms, it must not be supposed that a feller-feeling has prompted Dr. FELLER—most probably not doctor of

and xerophthalmia, could ask for xerocollyrium and xylobalsamum anywhere.

Of course, one can get on very well in the larger Italian towns without even the few useful words provided by this remarkable dictionary. Usually chambermaids speak only the language of the country. But if at the Hôtel Danieli, in Venice, you ask for hot water or a cold bath in the purest Tuscan, or as near to it as you can manage, the chambermaid, being Swiss, will reply "I do not spik Italian; I spik English."

If the German feller contemplates yet another "stereotype edition," he might with advantage have it revised by the chambermaids at Danieli's. They know, perhaps, as much "English" as he. In remote places, as, for instance, Pieve di Cadore in the Dolomites, such linguistic attainments are rarer. The very obliging landlord and landlady of the hotel at Pieve di Cadore do not attempt one foreign word. The elderly cashier, Signor GASPARE VECCELLIO, a descendant of TITIAN himself, is satisfied with the language of his immortal ancestor. Of the active and obliging staff, one waiter speaks some German, and one maid believes that she can speak French, and even English. The present writer heard her once conversing rapidly with an American lady, who believed that she also could speak French, and even English. Around them stood the proprietors, the staff, and casual loungers, lost in admiration at this linguistic display. Unfortunately the phrases known to the one were not apparently those known to the other. So, while French and English words flew about wildly, the Italian and American languages formed the backbone of the conversation. It is in such a town that one can use a pocket dictionary—but not the pharmacological philology of the philosophic FELLER.

H. D. B.

WHERE the French Ambassador has been put by the Sultan of Turkey—*à la porte*. Where the Sultan of Turkey has been placed by the French Ambassador—*à la Russe*.

SPORTING NOTE.—Early in September the British Government began Krause-potting.

A MOTTO NOT ALWAYS POPULAR AT THE WAR OFFICE.—"Tender and true."



Gentleman. "THAT LOOKS A WELL-BRED DOG."
Owner. "I SHOULD THINK HE WAS WELL-BRED. WHY, HE WON'T HAVE A BIT OF DINNER TILL HE'S GOT HIS COLLAR ON!"

medicine, but of philosophy, or possibly even of philology—to arrange his Words-book for dialogues with a surgeon or a chemist. Should the unhappy tourist catch a cold, he might as well lose his voice also, for he could never find words to explain his condition. If he went to an Italian chemist to buy some quinine, or a little vaseline, or a cake of carbolic soap, he must remain speechless for all the German feller would do to help him.

Only one sufferer—a case which is probably rare—could describe his complaints and obtain remedies. A xylographer, afflicted with a complication of xerotes